THE

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For MONDAY, Auguſt 6, 1804.

Remarks on Religion, and on real Politeneſs.

[From Letters written by the late Right Hon. William Pitt, the firſt Earl of Chatham, to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Eſq. afterwards Lord Camelford.]

I Come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which moſt nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpoſe of your life will aſſuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true ſentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be ſo towards man. The nobleſt ſentiment of the human breaſt is here brought to the teſt. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the higheſt benefactor demands the warmeſt returns of gratitude, love, and praiſe: *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whoſe utmoſt gifts are poor compared with thoſe he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth" is big with the deepeſt wiſdom. "The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wiſdom; and an upright heart, that is underſtanding." This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not; nay, I muſt add of this religious wiſdom, "her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace;" whatever your young gentlemen of pleaſure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and battered conſtitution. Hold faſt, therefore, by this ſheet-anchor of happineſs, religion; you will often want it in the times of moſt danger; the ſtorms and tempeſts of life. Cheriſh true religion as preciouſly as you would fly with abhorrence and contempt ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm. The firſt is the perfection

and glory of the human nature; the two laſt the deprivation and diſgrace of it. Remember the eſſence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards GOD and man; not ſubtle ſpeculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were ſo fine that I muſt give them to you: *compoſitum jus, faſque animi, ſanctoſque receſſus mentis, et incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.*

After the above important and valuable admonitions, we have in letter v. his lordſhip's obſervations on matters of a lighter nature, but, nevertherleſs, indiſpenſable in the conſtitution of a gentleman. Ridiculing the idea of a good or a great man being above attending to a noble, engaging, and proper management of his perſon, he makes this remark: "As if the body, becauſe inferior, were not a part of the compoſition of man; and the eaſy, ready, and graceful uſe of himſelf, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accompliſhed man." "Now as to politeneſs," continues he, "many have attempted definitions of it: I believe it is beſt to be known by deſcription; definition not being able to compriſe it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourſelves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious ſeat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it but ſacrificing ourſelves in ſuch trifles, to the convenience and pleaſure of others? And this conſtitutes true politeneſs. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows eaſy and natural to us) to the little wants of thoſe we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Let your behaviour towards ſuperiors in dignity, age, learning, or any diſtinguiſhed excellence, be full of reſpect, deference, and modeſty. Towards equals nothing becomes a man ſo well as well-bred eaſe, polite freedom, generous frankneſs, manly ſpirit, always tempered with gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of manner, noble ſincerity, candour and openneſs of heart, qualified and reſtrained within the bounds of diſcretion and prudence, and ever limited by a ſacred regard to ſecrecy, in all things entruſted to it, and an invaluable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleneſs, condeſcenſion, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards ſervants, never accuſtom yourſelf to rough and paſſionate language. When they are good, we ſhould conſider them as *humiles amici*, as fellow Chriſtians, *ut conſervi*; and when they are bad, pity, admoniſh, and part with them, if incorrigible. On all occaſions beware of anger, that dæmon, that deſtroyer of our peace."

Mr.

Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke's Account of his Interviews with the celebrated Thomas Paine, at Paris.

MR. YORKE found much difficulty in diſcovering his reſidence, but having at length maſtered this, and being informed by his female ſervant that he was aſleep, he thus continues:

"In two minutes ſhe returned, and uſhered me into a little dirty room, containing a ſmall wooden table and two chairs. 'This,' ſaid ſhe, 'is Mr. Paine's room.' I never ſat down in ſuch a filthy apartment in the whole courſe of my life. The chimney hearth was an heap of dirt; there was not a ſpeck of cleanlineſs to be ſeen; three ſhelves were filled with paſteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a miniſter of foreign affairs, correſpondence Americaine, Britanique, Francaiſe; notices politiques; le citoyen Francais, &c. In one corner of the room ſtood ſeveral huge bars of iron, curiouſly ſhaped, and two large trunks: oppoſite the fire-place, a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dreſſer in a ſcullery than a ſide-board.

"Such was the wretched habitation of Thomas Paine, one of the founders of American independence; whoſe extraordinary genius muſt ever command attention, and whoſe writings have ſummoned to action the minds of the moſt enlightened politicians of Europe! How different the humble dwelling of this apoſtle of freedom from thoſe gorgeous manſions tenanted by the founders of the French republic!

"After I had waited a ſhort time, Mr. Paine came down ſtairs, and entered the room, dreſſed in a long flannel gown. I was forcibly ſtruck with his altered appearance. Time ſeemed to have made dreadful ravages over his whole frame, and a ſettled melancholy was viſible on his countenance. He deſired me to be ſeated, and although he did not recollect me for a conſiderable time, he converſed with his uſual affability. I confeſs I felt extremely ſurpriſed that he ſhould have forgotten me; but I reſolved not to make myſelf known to him, as long as it could be avoided with propriety. In order to try his memory, I referred to a number of circumſtances which had occurred while we were in company, but carefully abſtained from hinting that we had ever lived together. He would frequently put his hand to his forehead, and exclaim, "Ah! I know that voice, but my recollection fails!"

"At length, I thought it time to remove his ſuſpenſe, and ſtated an incident which inſtantly recalled me to his mind. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſudden change which this effected in his appearance and manner; his countenance brightened, he preſſed me by the hand, and a ſilent tear ſtole down his cheek.

Nor was I leſs affected than himſelf. For ſome time we ſat without a word eſcaping from our lips. 'Thus are we met once more, Mr. Paine,' I reſumed, 'after a long ſeparation of ten years, and after having been both of us ſeverely weather-beaten.' 'Ay,' he replied, 'and who would have thought that we ſhould meet at Paris?'

"He then enquired what motive had brought me here; and on my explaining myſelf, he obſerved with a ſmile of contempt, 'they have ſhed blood enough for liberty, and now they have it in perfection. This is not a country for an honeſt man to live in; they do not underſtand any thing at all of the principles of free government, and the beſt way is, to leave them to themſelves. You ſee they have conquered all Europe only to make it more miſerable than it was before.' Upon this I remarked, that I was ſurpriſed to hear him ſpeak in ſuch deſponding language of the fortune of mankind, and that I thought much might yet be done for the republic. 'Republic!' he exclaimed, 'do you call this a republic? why, they are worſe off than the ſlaves at Conſtantinople; for there they expect to be baſhaws in Heaven, by ſubmitting to be ſlaves below; but here, they believe neither in Heaven nor Hell, and yet are ſlaves by choice. I know of no republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for ſuch men as you and I. It is my intention to get away from this place as ſoon as poſſible, and I hope to be off in autumn: you are a young man, and may ſee better times; but I have done with Europe, and its ſlaviſh politics.'

"I admitted that America might be always looked to as the country of forlorn hope, but that I entertained great doubts whether I ſhould be happy in it; and I enumerated my objections, concluding with the want of ſociety, and my apprehenſions reſpecting the yellow fever, which I ſtated you had repreſented to me in a very unfavourable light. Both theſe objections he endeavoured to controvert, by ſhewing that there was as good ſociety in America, and better in many reſpects, than in all Europe; and as to the yellow fever, it had been imported, and there could be no doubt it would wholly diſappear by the purſuit of proper precautions: he then made uſe of ſome ingenious arguments to prove this, and affirmed that it had of late years ſcarcely ever proved fatal to perſons in eaſy circumſtances, on account of their having withdrawn into the country at its firſt appearance. But his argument carried irreſiſtible conviction to my mind, when he inſiſted that it was the only circumſtance that had deterred Europeans from emigrating thither; which he illuſtrated by a comparative ſtatement of the influx of population before and ſince the breaking out of that peſtilential malady."

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" It would require the leiſure and faculty of Jamie Boſwell himſelf to detail all the converſations which I had with Mr. Paine, or the opinions and anecdotes which he recounted. I am ſure they would fill a volume. I ſhall therefore conclude this account of him with a few words reſpecting his acquaintance with Bonaparte.

" When the hero of Italy had returned to Paris, in order to take the command of that army of England, with whoſe left wing he afterwards ſet off to conquer the department of the Thames on the burning ſands of Egypt, he called on Mr. Paine, and invited him to dinner. In the courſe of his rapturous ecſtaſies, he declared that a ſtatue of gold ought to be erected to him in every city in the univerſe; he alſo aſſured him that he always ſlept with his book* under his pillow, and conjured him to honour him with his correſpondence and advice.

" When the military council at Paris, who directed all the movements of Bonaparte (though *he* has the merit of them) came to a ſerious conſultation about the invaſion of England, Mr. Paine was invited to aſſiſt at the ſitting. After they had ranſacked and examined all the plans, charts, and projects of the old government, Bonaparte ſubmitted to them the propriety of hearing what Citizen Paine had to ſay upon the ſubject. But I ſhould have ſtated that, without one diſſenting voice, they were all of opinion that the meaſure was impracticable, dangerous even in idea, and ſtill more ſo in the attempt. General D'Arçon, a celebrated engineer†, was one of this council, and preſent on the occaſion. He laughed at the project, and ſaid, that all thoſe plans and ſchemes had better be made cartridge-paper of; for there was no Prince Charles (meaning the Pretender) now-a-days; and that they might as well attempt to invade the moon as England with its ſuperior fleet at ſea. 'Oh!' exclaimed Bonaparte, 'but there will be a fog.'—'Ah!' replied D'Arçon, 'and there will be an Engliſh fleet in that fog.' 'Cannot we paſs?' ſaid Bonaparte.—'Doubtleſs,' anſwered the other, 'by diving twenty fathom under water:' then looking ſtedfaſtly at the hero, 'General,' ſaid he, 'the earth is our own, but not the ſea. We muſt recruit our fleets before we can hope to make any impreſſion on England; and even then the enterprize would be fraught with perdition, unleſs we could raiſe a diverſion among the people.' Then Bonaparte: 'That is the very point I mean: here is Citizen Paine, who will tell you that the whole Engliſh nation, except the royal family, and the Hanoverians who have been created peers of the realm, and abſorb the greateſt part of the land property, are ardently burning for fraternization.'

" Paine,

" * The Rights of Man."

† He directed the ſiege of Gibraltar in the American war.

" Paine, being called upon, ſaid, ' It is now ſeveral years ſince I have been in England, and therefore I can only judge of it by what I knew when I was there. I think the people are very diſaffected, but I am ſorry to add, that, if the expedition ſhould eſcape the fleet, I think the army would be cut in pieces. The only way to kill England is to annihilate her commerce.'

" This opinion was backed by all the council; and Bonaparte, turning to Paine, aſked how long he thought it would take to annihilate the Engliſh commerce? Paine anſwered, that every thing depended on a peace. From that hour Bonaparte never ſpoke to him; and when he had finiſhed his adventures in Egypt, and had ſtolen back to France, he paſſed by him at the grand dinner that was given to the generals of the republic, a ſhort time before his uſurpation, ſtaring him in the face, and ſaying to General Laſnes, in the hearing of Paine, ' The Engliſh are all alike in every country—they are all raſcals.' "

On MENTAL TASTE.

IT is much to be lamented that mankind is ſo abſorbed in ſenſual gratifications, that all the finer feelings of the mind are totally diſregarded, as if they were intended by their Creator to live and die as the beaſts that periſh: and even amongſt thoſe who have had the advantage of a good education, proper attention is not paid to that genius with which they are endowed. The objects of time and ſenſe do too much engage their thoughts, and they are led imperceptibly into the enjoyment of forbidden pleaſures. They appear to be alive to the diverſions of the preſent age, and Ranelagh and Vauxhall have far more charms than a library of well-ſelected authors. Others are ſo fond of the gaming-table and the chace, that they have no time for literary purſuits. Some have been ſo bewildered by the flights of enthuſiaſm, that they have in reality deſpiſed uſeful learning. So that the debauchee and the enthuſiaſt are equal enemies to ſcientific reſearches. Happy indeed is it for thoſe who can make proper allowances for human frailty, and keep themſelves free from every indulgence which has a tendency to prevent improvement in thoſe ſtudies, to which they are impelled by their peculiar genius. This is exemplified remarkably in the life of Camillus. He has had the advantage of a liberal education, having been initiated into ſtudies, which he has purſued with his growing years. A good fortune has lately come into his poſſeſſion, but this has not damped his riſing genius. It has only increaſed the number of his learned acquaintance, and made him more extenſively uſeful to mankind. He conſiders himſelf as born for the good of ſociety, and does all in his power to promote uſeful knowledge. His taſte for the finer arts keeps

him free from mean purſuits. He cultivates a country life, as calculated to befriend the muſes; but he patroniſes every inſtitution in town, that has the advantages of learning in view. His hours of relaxation are comparatively but few, as he has ſo many uſeful methods to employ his time. One part of which is dedicated to the ſervice of religion, of courſe he is no friend to infidelity. He views it as an hoſtile enemy to God and man. The writings of Voltaire and Rouſſeau are therefore diſcountenanced. He has perceived the ill effects of infidelity on the manners of mankind: that it has been the ſource of miſery to nations, families, and individuals, and therefore he is thankful for the pages of divine inſpiration.

Having a living in the church lately fallen to him, he has preſented it to a worthy friend, who has diſcharged his duty as a country curate, for many years, and who has a large family. He is himſelf a regular attendant on a place of public worſhip; and it appears that his religion is not confined to a church, for he is the ſame uniform character in the general deportment of his life. Thus it appears, that a taſte for polite literature is not inimical to Chriſtianity, but is of eſſential ſervice.

Mental taſte is an acquiſition, for which we can never be ſufficiently thankful; it opens to our view ſources of general knowledge: "The man of taſte (as a judicious and ſenſible writer remarks) extends his obſervations to the appearances of nature, as well as the productions of art. He diſcovers beauties wherever they are to be found in the works of God and of man, and is charmed with the harmony and order of the different parts of the creation, and with the endleſs variety of new objects, which nature preſents to his view. The flowers, as they diſcloſe their vivid hues; the animals that move in comely ſymmetry; the ocean that now ſpreads its ſmooth ſurface, and now heaves its tempeſtous waves on high; the mountains that ſwell in rugged majeſty; the vallies, clothed in verdant attire; the ſplendid luminary, whoſe beams diſcloſe the beauties of the world, and who decks the face of nature with brighter charms; the blue concave of Heaven, ſpangled with countleſs ſtars, and illumined by the ſoft effulgence of the moon—all theſe come under the obſervation of taſte, and ſupply it with abundant ſources of enjoyment."

Taſte preſides with ſupreme authority over all the elegant arts. There are none ſo low in their ſubſerviency, to the uſes of mankind, as not to afford ſubjects for its deciſions. It extends its influence to dreſs, furniture, and equipage; but preſides, as in its moſt diſtinguiſhed provinces, over poetry, eloquence, painting, architecture, ſculpture, and muſic; becauſe among them genius takes its unbounded range, and exerts its fulleſt power. On the contrary, it turns away with averſion from every thing

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in life which is repugnant to the finer feelings of the mind, and is in any meaſure mean, ſordid, or baſe. Akenſide beautifully expreſſes it :

" Say, what is taſte, but the internal powers,
Active and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe ? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd."

As we would cultivate this fine diſpoſition, it will be abſolutely neceſſary to be particular in our authors and company, for if we ſpend our time in frivolous purſuits, we ſhall ſoon feel the awful conſequence. Whereas the beſt claſſic writers are well worthy of our peruſal, and the beauties of literature will improve our underſtandings ; and we cannot conſult the writings of Zimmerman, Fenelon, Pope, Addiſon, Thomſon, Milton, Young, or Johnſon, without increaſing our fund of knowledge, and making us better Chriſtians. Their works will be clear to the lateſt poſterities. Mr. Campbell's Abridgement is a work much wanted by the riſing generation, and bids fair to be extenſively uſeful.

It is a pleaſing thought that mental taſte will extend itſelf to a better world, where our knowledge will rapidly increaſe, and we ſhall know as we are known ; where all cauſe of miſery will ceaſe, and mental taſte will be the ſource of happineſs for ever and ever.

T. M.

Life of Charles Pichegru, General in Chief of the Army of the North, in the ſecond and third Years of the French Republic, and afterwards a Member of the Legiſlative Body.

(Concluded from Page 85.)

IN any other ſeaſon of the year than that in which Pichegru reſumed the command of the army, it would have been impoſſible to conquer Holland, on account of its waters. An army can ſcarcely make a ſtep without meeting with a lake, a dyke, or a river. All the pontoons which the French had would have been inſufficient to the purpoſe. The roads are all made on dykes or marſhes. The paſſage of an army over them would have broken them down, and conſequently have rendered a retreat, if not impoſſible, highly dangerous. In a moment of extreme danger and diſtreſs, it may be preſumed that, if the ſtadtholder and the Batavian people had been united, they would

have conſented to open the ſluices of North Holland, by which all Weſt Frieſland, the province of Holland, and a part of that of Utrecht, would be laid under water. They could alſo have cut ditches from the rivers, inundate the eaſtern provinces, and thereby throw inſurmountable obſtacles to an invading army.

In the ſpring or ſummer theſe means might have been adopted, whatever inconveniencies or hardſhips the Dutch themſelves could have experienced from them: the anceſtors of the prince of Orange had actually uſed them againſt Lewis the Fourteenth.

A froſt of uncommon ſeverity, however, put theſe conſiderations out of all queſtion. It not only converted the waters into a ſolid maſs, affording a free and eaſy paſſage for men, horſes, and heavy artillery, but it would appear to have benumbed the faculties of every one of the natives, and left activity and vigour only to the French. This effect, however, cannot be ſo much aſcribed to the power of the weather on the bodies of the inhabitants as to the political influence of the government on their minds.

The houſe of Naſſau had been gradually loſing its credit and authority for a number of years, and it had a great many enemies among the wealthy part of its ſubjects, on account of its late uſurpations.

It may be remembered that, in the year 1579, the Batavians elected a chief to ſave them from ſlavery. The truſt and title of ſtadtholder are therefore as ancient as the republic itſelf. The powers, however, conferred on this officer, were confined to the direction of the forces by land and ſea. This dignity was elective, and ſubject to be ſuppreſſed. It was actually ſuppreſſed in the ſeventeenth century for the ſpace of twelve years, viz. from 1660 to 1672. The people expreſsly reſerved to themſelves the legiſlative, adminiſtrative, and judiciary powers. But it is in vain that the people take precautions for dividing the powers and reſerving their rights: every elected chief inclines naturally to become abſolute maſter whenever he finds an opportunity. If he has the force in his hands, he will ſoon make uſe of it as a proof of his right.

In 1747, the ſtadtholder began to attack the Batavian conſtitution, in rendering this dignity hereditary to all his poſterity, male and female. This unconſtitutional ſtretch of power naturally diſpleaſed a people jealous of their liberty; it nevertheleſs did not occaſion an exploſion.

In 1787, the laſt ſtadtholder openly attacked the civil and political liberty of the Dutch. Not contented in being governor-general, captain-general, and grand-admiral, he would inſiſt upon influencing the legiſlative body, and the inferior adminiſtrations. He ſucceeded ſo well in this view, that there remained in Holland neither legiſlator, magiſtrate, nor even burgo-maſter of the

ſmalleſt villages, but who were nominated by him or his partizans.

The diſcontented were about to riſe in revolt, when the king of Pruſſia ſent the prince ſome of his troops, which, according to the language of deſpotic princes, brought thoſe people to reaſon, who ſo loudly exclaimed againſt the flagrant uſurpation. The ſtadtholder enjoyed his newly aſſumed prerogations as long as he continued the ſtrongeſt; but no ſooner did the French appear with the ſcroll of "liberty and equality" on their arms, than he found himſelf the weaker, and, foreſeeing what was likely to happen, offered to make peace with the invaders, which was denied him. He next propoſed an armiſtice, and this demand was rejected.

So much of the political ſtate of Holland it was thought neceſſary to lay before the reader, that he might not be at a loſs for the reaſon why the French found rather allies than enemies in the Dutch people.

The above ſketch of the late political condition of a country, once ſo renowned for its courage and endurance, will account for the celerity with which Venloo, Nimeguen, Breda, and Grave, were taken by the republicans.

This diſpoſition of the Dutch, ſo obviouſly favourable to the French intereſt, put the former on a footing of jealouſly and diſtruſt with the Engliſh. Indeed, this diſlike went ſo far as to give encouragement to a repreſentation made in print by the French author above-mentioned, that at Nimeguen, on the night of the 8th of November, 1794, when the Engliſh retired from the city, they drew back the bridge to the right of the river, burnt it, and left the Dutch only in the place: but, what is worſe, the ſame author affirms, that at the time the gates of the place were opened to the republican troops, and that they were poſſeſſing themſelves of Dutch ſoldiery who had ſurrendered in their boats, the Engliſh fired as well on them as on the French. It would be deſirable to ſee theſe particulars contradicted, that an ill-will might not be cheriſhed and perpetuated between two nations ſo long in amity with each other. When the armies of the Rhine and of the Sambre and Meuſe had advanced proportionably forward, Pichegru left his retreat, and placed himſelf again at the head of the armies.

The rigour of the ſeaſon had already ſhewn itſelf, and flattered him with the hopes of realiſing his projects upon Holland. Early in December the Meuſe was frozen over, and the ice was ſtrong enough in many places to paſs over it; and, in a few days after, the Waal became a ſolid piece of ice. This incident was too favourable for the active mind of Pichegru to loſe a moment. He ordered the brigade of General Daëndels, and that of General Oſten, to paſs the Meuſe upon the ice, and proceed againſt the Iſle of Bommel. The Hollanders made a very feeble

feeble reſiſtance, and the garriſon of Fort St. André in a ſhort time ſurrendered. It is impoſſible to ſay whether the low ſtate to which the loyalty of the Dutch had fallen, or the low ſtate at which the thermometer ſtood, contributed moſt to this ſpeedy conqueſt. The former was at leaſt at the point of perfect indifference, and the latter was ſeventeen degrees below the freezing point. Sixteen hundred priſoners were made on that day, and a great number of cannon and ſmall arms, beſides ammunition, were taken.

It might appear degrading to our own army, embarked in ſo hopeleſs and unhappy a cauſe, to delineate the progreſs of the ſucceſsful republicans at this time, and of courſe the correſpondent retreat of the Britiſh forces; firſt, under his royal highneſs the duke of York, and afterwards under General Abercrombie. At all events, it muſt be irkſome to an Engliſh painter, however diſpoſed to be impartial, to find the prominent figure, being an enemy, derives its light from the obſcure poſition of his friends. The French writers who have celebrated the achievements of their generals, have been too apt to throw out inſinuations againſt the Engliſh for the part they ſuſtained in this memorable campaign; for inſtance, in the engagement which took place on the 11th of January, 1795, upon croſſing the Waal, below Nimeguen, the ſucceſsful termination of which affair put an end to all chance of preventing the invaſion of every one of the United Provinces, one of the French hiſtorians applauds the firmneſs of the Auſtrians, while he inſinuates that the reſiſtance of the Engliſh was feeble.

The entire ſucceſs of the four brigades under the French generals Vandamme, Compere, Jordon, and Reunier, allowed Macdonald the facility of paſſing the river at Nimeguen, in the ſmall boats with ſeveral companies of grenadiers, by which he poſſeſſed himſelf of Fort Knoſſemburg, the garriſon being obliged to abandon it.

As this laſt ſtruggle of the allied armies failed of ſucceſs, and was attended with the loſs of artillery, priſoners, ſtores, &c. it was ſoon followed by deputations from the province of Utrecht to the French, by the departure of the prince of Orange, by the capitulation of the province of Holland, and, laſtly, by the entrance of the French into Amſterdam on the 26th of January, 1795. After the conqueſt of the United Provinces, the army of the north became diſpoſeable, except 25,000 men, which the two governments agreed ſhould be left in Holland. The reſt were employed in reinforcing the active armies.

Pichegru was now ordered to direct the movements of the army of the Rhine and Moſelle. He nevertheleſs preſerved the chief command of thoſe of the Sambre and Meuſe, and of the north. The firſt continued to have Jourdan at the head of

it, and Moreau was named general in chief of that of the north.

On the 1ſt of April, Pichegru was called up to Paris to take the command of the armed force which was to be employed againſt the inſurrection which threatened a new revolution. Paris was at this time declared to be in a ſtate of ſiege, and Pichegru, as general in chief, marched againſt the inſurgents in that part of the capital called the cité, and thoſe in the ſection of Quinze-Vingts. He reported to the convention, that its orders were executed; and, in conſequence of this ſpeedy ſuppreſſion of rebellion, the refractory members were tranſported to Cayenne, whither, ſtrange to tell, this general, a ſhort time after, was (oh, ſtrange reverſe! oh, caprice of fortune!) himſelf baniſhed.

Soon after this, he fell under ſuſpicion of having been tampered with by the baniſhed royaliſts. He was removed from the command of the armies, and Moreau ſucceeded him. In the next year (the 5th of the republic) he was choſen a deputy for the department of Aube, to replace the one-third of the convention going out. He was elected preſident, and in the next month accuſed the directory of miniſter and perfidious deſigns, and propoſed to define the conſtitutional limits of the government.

Soon after this, placards were ſtuck up on the walls of Paris, ſignifying, that the agents of the pretender were active in opening the way to the return of royalty; that Imbert-Colomès, one of the members of the council of five hundred, was the treaſurer to Louis XVIII. and that Pichegru was implicated in this affair. He was immediately arreſted by General Angereau, and on the memorable day, 18th Fructidor (4th of September, 1797), was condemned to be tranſported to Cayenne. Whatever might have been his deſign, whether to place himſelf at the head of the government, or to reinſtate the baniſhed family, there can be no doubt of his having held a correſpondence, through an intermediary channel, with the prince of Condé. Several letters were found in the porte-feuille of the Count Entraigues, at Venice, containing the particulars of a converſation between Pichegru and the Count de Montgaillard, on the ſubject of a counter-revolution. The porte-feuille containing theſe documents was opened at Montebello, in the preſence of the Generals Bonaparte and Clarke; and if the papers contained in it were not ſufficient to eſtabliſh the facts alledged againſt him, the countenance and aid he received from the diſtinguiſhed perſonages out of France, who had made him offers, confirmed the whole. This occurrence contributed, in a great degree, to give effect to the meaſures which Bonaparte adopted afterwards for poſſeſſing himſelf of the ſupreme power, civil and military.

Pichegru

Pichegru was put on board the Vaillante, at Rochefort, and conveyed along with Barthelemy of the directory, and many ſuſpected members of the legiſlature and others, to French Guyana.

The French are always ready at expedients; the general was not wanting in this reſpect: he contrived to get away from his place of ſlavery, and, arriving in London, had an interview with Mr. Wickham and others in the then adminiſtration. On the very day he was obſerved in our houſe of peers attending the debates, his name was inſcribed on the liſt of emigrants.

He was engaged by the Engliſh government to aſſiſt the Auſtrian armies with his advice, and alſo held conferences at Augſburg, with M. Precey and M. Dundré upon the intereſt of the coaleſced powers. Of the recent enterprize which occaſioned his falling into the hands of his implacable enemies, nothing ought to be ſaid but with great caution, and on the beſt authority, ſince the lives of a great many perſons of diſtinction may be thereby farther endangered; ſince it will be from the connection, or imputed connection, with the Engliſh government, that the chief colour for condemning them will be drawn.

People are conſiderably divided in opinion as to the cauſe of this general's death. We know that the priſons which contain great political captives are ſeldom without their *mutes*, who have the bowl, the dagger, or the bow-ſtring, always at hand. There are thoſe, however, who find reaſons enough for his committing ſuch a ſuicide, in his high ſenſe of honour, of delicacy towards others, and of conſiſtency in his own conduct.

Thus one of the illuſtrious modern generals, who had ſo much diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and attached immortality to a name which, but for the French revolution, might never have been known, ended that life in a loathſome priſon, which for ſeveral years of it had been glorioufly ſpent in camps and uninterrupted victories. Well may it be ſaid, " take phyſic, pomp," for ambition, that dropſy of the ſoul, frequently deſtroys the great, as well as its ſucceſsful career often enſlaves many.

PARTICULARS *of* FRENCH SUPERSTITION.

[From Holcroft's Travels.]

IT is not a fact of ſmall importance that few of the officiating prieſts are young men, that the old are much more numerous than the middle-aged, and that ſeminaries for the new generations of prieſts ſcarcely exiſt. Muſt the monks of Italy, Spain, and the German ſtates migrate, that the catholic church in France may not expire of inanity? Revolutions cannot extirpate

tirpate ignorance. To bigotry, knowledge is a diſeaſe; and of that it muſt die.

The adherents of bigotry have not loſt all hope, even from the aid of miracles. At the diſtance of about four miles from Paris, is a village on a hill, popularly known by the name of *Mont Calvaire;* Mount Calvary; ſo called becauſe the monks formerly had incited the Pariſians to go there in ſolemn proceſſion, as pilgrims, bearing croſſes and acting mock crucifixions, that they might obtain the remiſſion of ſins and plenary indulgence.* In the days of tumultuous and daring inquiry, *Mont Calvaire* and its proceſſions became ſo much the ſport of infidels that devotion could not be rouzed to brave ſuch mockery.

The confeſſion of pilgrim penitents, and the conſolation of plenary indulgences, were ſources of revenue; which the monks, even in their moſt dejected ſtate, were unwilling eternally to relinquiſh. The hill called *Montmartre* is almoſt as ſteep as that called *Mont Calvaire;* and has the advantage of being very near to Paris. One hill was as fit for the piety of ſuch pilgrims as another; and thoſe, whoſe zeal was not warm enough to ſupport them during a journey of four or five miles, might poſſibly be equal to the fatigue of twice as many hundred yards.

Among other glaring offences to decorum is that of plaſtering the entrance, the doors, and the inſide of churches with large and ſmall printed bills; that advertize the devout of the ſucceſſive feſtivals, ſermons, muſical maſſes, and other periodical ceremonies, which are held or performed, in honour of different ſaints and on different occaſions at the various churches of Paris. It is difficult to conceive the effect of a practice ſo indecent: it reminds an Engliſhman of the dirty walls and ſhutters of a tenantleſs houſe. Yet it does but correſpond with every thing he ſees.

A large poſting-bill of this kind was publiſhed by the prieſts, which announced that *Mont Calvaire* was removed to *Montmartre.* The bull excited laughter, the artifice a ſigh.

After the publication of the concordat, when the embodied prieſthood again began to feel collective ſtrength and the theophilanthrophiſts were expelled the churches, in which it was once more held prophane to worſhip God alone, without the interceſſion of ſaints, a wiſh to return to Mount Calvary was conceived; and hopes to accompliſh it were inſpired.

The means however for obtaining this end were of the old leaven.

* I have the following manuſcript extract from an old Pariſian Guide, the date of which I have not preſerved.

"May 3, the day of the invention of the holy-croſs pilgrimage to Mount Valerien; otherwiſe called Calvary: great numbers reſort there during the *octave.*"

A poor woman, who hawked either eggs, or ſomething that ſhe brought from the neighbourhood of *Mont Calvaire*, fell into converſation with my wife; and informed her, with every token of faith in amazement, that a body had been dug up on that mountain, which was as freſh in appearance as the very day on which it had died; that, previous to its having been buried, it had been opened, and again ſewed up, as the ſtitches, ſtill to be ſeen, proved, which were as if juſt taken; that the winding-ſheet itſelf was in the ſame wonderful ſtate, a ſlight yellow tinge excepted: and that crowds were reſorting thither, to beg that they might be permitted to poſſeſs a morſel of this miraculous ſheet, while the very pooreſt of the people were ſubſcribing their *ſous* and *ſix liard* pieces, that the pilgrimage to *Mont Calvaire* might be re-eſtabliſhed; it being thus recently and incontrovertibly proved to be a holy place.

I do not uſe the woman's words; I imitate the energy with which ſhe is deſcribed to me to have ſpoken.

Louiſa aſked her if, during the revolution, ſhe had not heard of the arts practiſed by prieſts? And the woman, with that verſatility which characterizes the people, defended herſelf from the poſſibility of her being a bigot, by alledging that, for her part, ſhe never went to church; except at feſtivals, and to ſee marriages.

It would be difficult to afford a better ſpecimen of the feelings and capacity of the populace, concerning religion, than is given in this ſhort converſation.

Being informed, by the bills I have mentioned, of the Loretto-leap made by *Mont Calvaire* to *Montmartre*, curioſity muſt have been dull indeed if I had not paid a viſit to this modern reſort for pilgrims.

The village of *Montmartre* is built on a ſteep height which gives it a very picturesque effect when viewed at a diſtance, towering far above the ſteeples and turrets of Paris. So ſeen, imagination lends it a thouſand charms, makes it the reſidence of the wealthy, embelliſhes it with country manſions, and there eſtabliſhes the ſeat of taſte, rendered ſtill more exquiſite by the freſh breezes of health. Were it in the vicinity of London, ſo it would become, as far as the foſtering hand of man is concerned; it is with few exceptions the very reverſe: dirty and narrow are the ſtreets, wretched are the inhabitants, and ruinous are their habitations.

Half concealed among falling walls and ſurrounding rubbiſh, I found a ſmall church, entered it, and began my enquiries concerning this place of pilgrimage.

On a door, at the eaſt end of the north aiſle, was the following written inſcription; which I literally copied with its falſe capitals,

capitals, and want of points and apoſtrophe commas to denote contractions: except the P, all the capitals were in red ink.

C'eſt ala Sacriſtie que lon Sadreſſe Pour ſe mettre de la Confrèrie de la Croix On y trouve auſſi la livre du Calvaire.

A ſhop-inſcription in the ſtreets of Paris, not more faulty than this, I ſhould have conſidered as an honourable teſtimony of improvement; but, to men of claſſical education, it was a diſgrace: compared however to other tokens of the ſtate of mind among thoſe prieſts, it might be called perfection itſelf.

Would it not be ſuppoſed that the efferveſcence of reproof, ſatire, and contempt, which ſo long reigned as well againſt the childiſh as the groſs practices of the prieſthood, would have awakened in that order ſome reſpect for themſelves; ſome deſire not to appear more ridiculous in their farces than any buffoon on the *boulevards*; and, though they ſhould think it their duty to practice the rites and ceremonies of a church which they might honeſtly believe was truly catholic, yet to practice them ſo as not again ſubject themſelves to be deſpiſed; not again, as they had done, to deprive enraged enemies of all pity that their worldiy effects, nay their lives, fell the multiplied ſacrifices to perſecution? Had they not been ſchooled enough to teach them a little caution; a little common ſenſe? I will deſcribe what I ſaw.

In this ſmall church there were ſeven paltry pictures, ſuch as beggary only would hang up in its hovel: they repreſent various of the incidents ſuppoſed to have happened when Chriſt was crucified, and were labelled from ſtation one to ſeven. They were the imaginary reſting places, not only of Chriſt, but, of the weary pilgrims, who, after having left Paris, had travelled almoſt half a mile up hill: at each of theſe, while they prayed, they might repoſe.

The end to which they led was a wretched wooden ſculpture of Chriſt on the croſs, and others of thoſe two eternal thieves who, in catholic land, never forſake him, with figures that had little in them of human.

This might have been pardoned: whatever was valuable in ſculpture, other thieves, ſtill more vile, the thieves of the revolution had induſtriouſly ſecured. But the decorations which the inventive piety of the fathers of *la Confrerie de la Croix* had placed to fill the imaginations of penitents, and inſpire them with awe, contrition, and piety, were the things that appeared to me truly ſurpriſing.

On the left of Chriſt there was a ſmall blue globe, on which was a lead coloured cock, with red comb and gills, which appeared as if it had once been the ſign to a dirty *cabaret* of the gallic cock treading upon the world, and bought by the prieſts

at an old iron broker's. Below was a ſoldier's ſword, in a ruſty ſcabbard, with a dirty braſs hilt: beſide that a common walking ſtick, not worth two-pence; and along with it a brown ridicule, or woman's work-bag: all of them not only to the full as mean but as modern in coſtume as I have deſcribed. To render it ſtill more ſtrange, there was an old broom, and a rod nailed in the form of a croſs.

On the right hand, the ornaments were a ladder, a lanthorn, a revolutionary pike, a holy water bruſh, a ſponge on a ſtick, and a ſcourge (not that which the friar who went from Antwerp bought from Pontius Pilate), each and all as mean as the implements on the left.

Leſt theſe things ſhould not be ſufficiently childiſh, in the centre, about five feet from the ground, was a glaſs caſe with grotto work; that, when penitence was weary of lamentation, it might look and exclaim, *Mon Dieu, comme c'eſt jolie!* So paltry and trifling, however, was this exhibition of art, that the meaneſt ſhowman in France could not, by exhibiting it, have hoped to have gained ſixpence in a month.

There was one thing in the church well calculated to inſpire ſtrong emotions, in minds capable of religious fervour: it was an excellent figure in wax, large as life, of Chriſt, lying horizontally, and ſeen not too diſtinctly through a net-work of wire.

To relieve my mind of the painful reflections which ſucceeded laughter, I aſcended that part of the hill to the weſt where a row of ſeven windmills begins; the proſpect of the city from this place was remarkably fine. The fog of ſmoke is not ſo denſe over Paris as it is over London; and beſide it was the ſeaſon when, the kitchens excepted, there was not perhaps a fire in Paris.

Before I aſcended the hill, I had no recollection of having obſerved the wind to be high; but it was ſo powerful, when I ſtood on this naked height, that I did not think it ſafe to approach any ſteep deſcent.

I left the place with thoſe emotions of ſurpriſe which I have before ſuggeſted, that the brows and dells of this variegated and commanding height were not enriched by the retreats of the wealthy; who might with ſuch facility procure pleaſures, which all men pretend ſo much to admire. This neglect appears to me one of the many glaring proofs that the French, ſo far from being the arbiters of fine taſte, and the zealous promoters of elegant enjoyment, have few of them a true feeling for ſuch objects.

As I deſcended the hill, how full of meditation was the mind. The dirty cabaret, hidden in a hole, that proclaimed itſelf the rendezvous of the nation; the bald arts of the prieſts, whoſe forlorn condition as men excited pity, and the general picture of lagging civilization, and other ſimilar circumſtances, prove that the common conveniencies of life were little attended to.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted June 4.

THE EYE-GLASS, Sir, I will engage,
Doth oft aſſiſt both youth and age.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Strap, P. Gove, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; Britannicus, of Dartmouth; J. Waldron, of Lyme-Regis; G. Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Bickham, jun. and R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; and J. Whittle, of Upway.

Anſwer, by G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot, to R. Mudge's Charade, inſerted June 18.

THE parts connected will explain
A ſportive RABBIT on the plain.

† We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, W. Commins, J. T. S. H. Humphreys, and W. Strong, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; T. Rutger, of Clowance; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by J. T. S. of Exeter, to J. E.'s Charade, inſerted June 18.

IN OXFORD city may be ſeen
Scholaſtic learning very keen.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, W. Commins, W. Strong, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; R. Mudge, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; Primroſe, of Taunton; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

An ANAGRAM, *by R. Mudge, of Aſhburton.*

A Term of muſic change aright,
An Engliſh town you'll bring to light.

A CHARADE, *by S. L. Margary, of Manſion-Houſe, near Penryn.*

MY firſt's the ruler of the day,
To whom unnumber'd thouſands pray,
And deem him all divine;
Within the bound'ries of the ſea,
Behold my next doth ſkip and play,
With ſilv'ry radiance ſhine:
Delicious whole! exceeding fair!
On Albion's coaſt doth oft appear.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

YE curious gents! who take delight
To ſolve each myſtery,
My firſt you'll find, what you and I,
And every man ſhould be.
My ſecond you may always find,
Explore each diſtant pole;
And ſurely, if you are my firſt,
You'll gladly do my whole.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Written and ſet to Muſic by T. SHOEL, *Author of "Mileſhill, &c."*

O Bird of ſpring! whoſe liquid notes,
Loud echo thro' the vernal grove,
Reſponſive to the warbling throats
Of lark and linnet, thruſh and dove.
When ſpring has baniſh'd winter drear
Thy cuckoo, cuckoo charms the ear.

How pleaſing do thy ſolos ſound,
At bluſhing morning's earlieſt hour,
Till burſts the mighty chorus round
From hill, from grove, from wood and bower;
When Sol has chas'd the ſhadows drear
Thy cuckoo, cuckoo charms the ear.

And O how ſweet! beneath the ſhade,
When noon's bright glow illumes the plain,
On the green turf's ſoft carpet laid,
To liſten to thy chearing ſtrain,
Delightful then thy voice to hear,
While cuckoo, cuckoo charms the ear.

And when at eve thy cloſing ſong
Soothes, ſoftly ſoothes the "expiring day;"
O then how ſweet! the dells among
To walk, attended by thy lay,
While day to night reſigns the ſphere,
Thy cuckoo, cuckoo charms the ear.

But ah! ſweet bird, alas! how ſoon
Thy dulcet melody muſt cloſe,
At bluſh of morn, at beam of noon,
Or when gray evening courts repoſe;
'Tis but when ſpring commands the year,
That we the charming cuckoo hear.

Scarce do the meads forbear to ſmile;
Scarce ardent ſummer claims his reign;
The mower ſcarce renews his toil,
Before thou leav'ſt the drooping ſcene;
Before our iſle muſt ceaſe to hear
Thy cuckoo, cuckoo, charm the ear!

Ah! what a ſtriking emblem this
Of life's young ſpring, and youth's gay mien;
When the full boſom throbs with bliſs,
And flow'rets all the path adorn;
When mirth and glee the ſpirits chear,
And hope's ſweet cuckoo charms the ear.

But ſoon, how ſoon! youth's pleaſing ſpring,
To manhood's toilſome ſummer yields;
Soon autumn ſweeps, with chilly wing,
Or wintry age deforms the fields:
Nor zephyrs breathe, nor flowers appear,
Nor cuckoo, cuckoo charms the ear.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the late gallant Exploits of the Britiſh Troops in the Eaſt Indies.

IN eaſtern climes the trump of fame,
Proclaims aloud Britannia's name,
For victories nobly won;
While plaudits ſtrike the liſt'ning ear,
High float her banners in the air,
And laurels crown her ſons!

Her veteran ſons their foes defy,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to die,
Nor fear'd their mighty hoſt;
The' twelve to one their numbers* were,
Boldly they march'd, they knew no fear
On India's ſultry coaſt.

Loud thunders ſhook th' embattled plain,
And rank on rank of Britiſh ſlain
Strew'd the enſanguin'd field;
Still on they preſs, and urge the foe,
They deal deſtruction at each blow,
And make their foes to yield.

The gallant chief, brave Well'ſley! ſhone,
And Lake, well fam'd! freſh laurels won,
On each eventful day;
Each Britiſh ſoldier bravely fought,
Where danger frown'd that poſt they fought,
Without fear or diſmay.

Proud Gallia ſtill may make her boaſt
Of her well-form'd and numerous hoſt,
And ſtrive our ſhores to gain;
Oppos'd to Britons they will meet,
Diſgrace, diſmay, and dire defeat,
From Albion's warlike train.

Exeter. P. GOVE.

* In one of the engagements the force of the enemy was 70,000, and the Britiſh and native troops together not more than 5000.

Addreſs to a Friend, written at Matlock Bath in the Month of June.

O Come, my friend! ere ſummer's ſultry heat
Impairs the beauty of this ſweet retreat;
While freſhneſs breathes, by heavenly moiſture fed,
And balmy airs ſupport each flow'ret's head;
While living green, with gems of Flora gay,
Gives ſoften'd luſtre to the lengthen'd day;
And zephyrs ſweetly waft on perfum'd wing
The muſky treaſures of the ripen'd ſpring;
The waving foliage on our rocks ſublime,
The woods exulting in their leafy prime,
Derwent, who now with pride reflects, and laves
The reſtleſs branch that ſtoops to kiſs his waves,
The birds who warble to the mate they love,
The ſong that charms the liſtener of the grove,
Juſt now, when ſummer bids to ſpring adieu,
And forms of beauty boaſt each beauteous hue,
And rural nature, with triumphant glee
Leads every feeling heart to ſympathy—
Friendſhip would lure thee to theſe ſmiling bowers,
Entwine her myrtle with their ſimple flowers,
And in the dear and ſweet aſſemblage find,
What charms the ſenſes, and what ſoothes the mind.